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MACLEAR'S GREAT
TRY THAT WILL
LIVE IN HISTORY.

KEEP YOUR STOMACH WELL

This is the first rule of physical well-being, and the most important. All nourishment comes from your stomach, and if indigestion reduces its power to prepare the food you eat for assimilation, the supply of nourishment is at once reduced and every organ, nerve and muscle in your body suffers. Your system is thus weakened and the way prepared for graver ailments. If you would be well put your stomach, liver, and bowels in healthy working condition

BY—**TAKING MOTHER**

Seigel's SYRUP.

"I used to suffer very much with indigestion. I had terrible pains across my body and in my head, and I became so weak that when I went out I had to hold the palings by the roadside sometimes. At last I made up my mind to try Mother Seigel's Syrup, and I am pleased to say that it quite cured me, and has kept me well ever since."—From Mrs. Caroline Sheffield, an old lady of Leighton Road, Ivinghoe-Aston, near Tring, Herts.
July 17th, 1906.

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The 2/6 bottle contains three times as much as the 1/1½ size.

CHILDREN

TEETHING

TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S

Soothing Syrup

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING

Has been used over 55 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures colic, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA.
Sold by all Chemists at 1/1½ per bottle.

M.A.P.

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Pleasant Gossip, Personal
Portraits, & Social News.

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50 Years' Reputation.

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COUGHS & COLDS,
INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS,
ASTHMA, CATARRH,
LOSS OF VOICE.

Of all Chemists, 1/1½ per box.
ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES.

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BESPOKE BOOT FACTORY,
RUDDEN,
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Depots: St. Peter's Square, Nottingham; New County Arcade, Leeds; 13 Savile St., Hull.

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God Bless Her Majesty.

To-morrow (Saturday) the Queen will celebrate her birthday. As has been almost invariably the case, Her Majesty is spending the anniversary of her birth in the beautiful country home to which she paid her first visit in the April succeeding her marriage, though the Sandringham Hall of to-day was not built till some time later.

The language of hyperbole has been exhausted with regard to our popular Sovereign's Consort, and yet it may be doubted whether any of the many writers and speakers who have dwelt on the Queen's personal beauty, charm of manner, and kindness of heart have given adequate expression to the place which she holds in the national heart. Her Majesty's principal quality—and it is one which cannot be acquired—is one which appeals to all classes and to all natures, for it consists in her intense womanliness. In every public and private act of her life the Queen is ever found to fulfil the Englishman's feminine ideal of goodness, purity, and unselfishness, and in all those matters of philanthropic importance in which she has taken part the British public have been instinctively aware that their Queen's impulse to benefit the disinherited of the earth has come from the heart rather than from the head.

The Kaiser's Views of Life.

The Kaiser has spoken in his own defence against the avalanche of personal criticism which has latterly attained such unprecedented proportions in Germany.

The following are the Emperor's chief observations:

"I am an out-and-out optimist, and will allow nothing to prevent my



For Love of an Actress: The Grand Duke Andrei of Russia has been sent to Siberia because he wished to marry Mdle. Sirischinska, the prettiest actress at the Imperial Theatre, St. Petersburg.

being one until the end of my days. I am a man full of work, and I believe in my work, because I wish to go forward. It will gratify me when the people understand what I want and help me to attain it.

"Hard is the lot of the man whose work is mistrusted. Sceptics do injustice to others and injure themselves. It is our duty to ascribe good motives to our fellow-men until they have done something to prove the contrary. This remains my principle, notwithstanding some bitter experiences. Optimism brings us much further ahead than pessimism. This holds good in politics as well as in private life.

"If I succeed in anything, all the world asks, 'Who was his adviser?' If I fail, people say, 'He did not know what he was about.'"

Particularly Interesting People.

SOME MEN AND WOMEN OF THE WEEK.

FOR LOVE OF AN ACTRESS.

GRAND DUKE BANISHED TO SIBERIA BECAUSE HE WOULD WED. FOOTLIGHT FAVOURITE.

The news of yet another love-affair between Royalty and the Stage comes from the Continent.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Echo de Paris* states that Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia (uncle of the Tsar) has, with the full consent of Nicholas II., banished his youngest son, the Grand Duke Andrei, to the far-off city of Irkutsk, in Siberia, where he will have to remain for at least twelve months, and will then only be allowed to return to St. Petersburg on undertaking to abandon his intention of marrying Mdle. Sirischinska, "the prettiest actress at the Imperial Theatre, St. Petersburg."

Mdle. Sirischinska herself is reported to be "indifferent" to the Grand Duke's advances, but she has in her possession many hundreds of love-letters written by her Royal suitor, one of which is said to contain a formal proposal of marriage.

THE NEW CARMEN.

HOW MDLE. GAY WAS DISCOVERED IN A SCULPTOR'S STUDIO.

Mdle. Maria Gay, the new Carmen, who astonished and delighted everyone at Covent Garden last week, is a remarkable woman, young and beautiful, with great masses of wavy black hair, divided at the side, and dark, lustrous eyes that glisten with expression.

She is a woman of fine physique—broad shoulders and good height—and she wants all her strength, for for eighteen months she has been singing nightly in Europe and South America.

In every sense she is an artist. Her first training was to be a sculptor, but one day M. Engel, the French tenor, heard her singing to herself in her studio, and on his insistent advice she left the studio to study singing. Three months later she left her native city of Barcelona for Paris, and, studying there under Mme. Adiny, made her *début* with the *Lamoureux Orchestra*.

In Paris she made the acquaintance of Mme. Calvé. "She was my true



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

GERMANY'S ROYAL VISITOR: The Kaiser driving with the King of Denmark in Berlin last week.

The Fat Boy of Peckham Puzzle.

The Wastrels of the London County Council should be joyful. Possibilities of a new tramway scheme open out before them—a tramway for the Fat Boy of Peckham.

This great opportunity has arisen in the following fashion. In October last John Trundle, the Fat Boy in question, was certified by the medical officer to be fit for a school for the mentally defective in Gloucester Road, and now the question springs up, How can he be taken to school? In official language:

"The divisional superintendent asks what arrangements can be made to convey the boy to Gloucester Road school, as he is apparently not physically capable of walking the distance, that even to walk a distance of 200 yards causes the boy considerable physical pain, and it is not possible to reach the centre by tram or omnibus."

The Wastrels have not as yet definitely formulated a scheme for the building of a special tramway to the school, but it is certain that with their usual acumen they will not allow any private enterprise to rush in with a motor-omnibus capable of holding John Trundle. The Fat Boy of Peckham has been the cause of much anxiety to the London County Council in the past, but by confronting the Wastrels with this unique chance of spending more money it is generally admitted that he has made full recompense.

friend," she told a representative of the *Daily Mail*, "and by her advice I studied for the lyric stage. She told me I was born to play Carmen." Mme. Calvé was right, for Mdle. Gay leaped on to the stage in the character, and is now famous.

As an example of how she works, she stated that on Nov. 5th last she finished a nineteen days' tour in Russia and Germany, actually appearing nineteen times in that short period. Then she went to Madrid to sing, rushed home to Barcelona, back to Strasburg and Cologne, and then to London. Mdle. Gay also recalled to mind that she was here two years ago as solo vocalist at a Philharmonic concert, before she made her *début* in "Carmen" at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels.

Mr. E. S. Willard.

Mr. E. S. Willard, off the stage, looks like a priest (says a writer in *Cassell's Saturday Journal*). His iron-grey hair is brushed straight back from his broad forehead, his pale, ascetic face is set like white marble, his tall, round collar has a clerical cut, and his sedate clothes are in keeping. It is only an occasional merry twinkle in his eyes that ruins the effect. It even splinters the marble of his face. And it is catching. There is no resisting the infection. If you say anything that strikes Mr. Willard as absurd, no laughs. And you must laugh with him, even though it be at your own expense.

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£100,000 Wedding Celebration.

Charity's war chest was enriched by £100,000 last week, when the cheques distributed by Mr. H. L. Bischoffsheim, in celebration of his golden wedding, were delivered by the postman.

Although Mr. Bischoffsheim is of the Jewish faith, only a fifth part of his gift is devoted to Jewish institutions—£80,000 is for "institu-



For Love of an Actress: Mdle. Sirischinska, the prettiest actress at the Imperial Theatre, St. Petersburg, whose lover, the Grand Duke Andrei, has been banished to Siberia.

tions for the good of mankind, regardless of creed."

Imperial Cancer Research Association	£40,000
King Edward's Hospital Fund	10,000
Tuberculosis research in connection with King Edward VII. Sanatorium	10,000
London Hospital	2,500
Middlesex Hospital	2,500
Queen Charlotte Lying-in Hospital	2,500
Charing Cross Hospital	2,500
Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital	2,500
Metropolitan Provident Medical Association	2,500
St. George's Hospital	1,000
Surgical Aid Society	1,000
Convalescent Homes Association	1,000
Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants	1,000
Travellers' Aid Society	500
Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society	500
The following gifts are to purely Jewish institutions:	
Daneswood Sanatorium	£10,000
Tudor House Sanatorium	6,000
Board of Guardians	1,000
Free School	1,000
In'ant School	1,000
Jewish Association	1,000

Mr. Bischoffsheim, who is seventy-eight years of age, was born in Amsterdam, and came to London in 1849, where he entered the banking business.

He has given immense sums to charity, but the world has not heard a quarter of his liberality.

Mrs. Bischoffsheim enjoys a beautiful old age, and has for years been one of the most successful hostesses in London. She was a famous Viennese beauty when she married Mr. Bischoffsheim, fifty years ago.

Bute House, in South Audley Street, is their London residence. Their two daughters are respectively the Dowager Countess of Desart and Lady FitzGerald, wife of the Knight of Kerry.

Don't Look Old.—With advancing years greyness increases. Stop this with LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR-RESTORER, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. LOCKYER'S large Bottles everywhere.—[Adv't.]

The Dying Rulers of the World.



THE SULTAN OF TURKEY.



THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.



THE KING OF SWEDEN.



THE KING OF ROUMANIA.



THE SHAH OF PERSIA.

The Sultan of Turkey is now in the hands of German specialists, and is the victim, it is said, among other things, of Bright's disease and cancer.

The health of the aged Emperor of Austria has again become the cause of grave anxiety in Europe, it being supposed that the Emperor is a sufferer from a serious internal complaint, which may end fatally at any moment.

Oscar II, King of Sweden, is suffering from no specific disease, but old age is telling its tale. He is extremely feeble, sleeps a great part of the day, and has to be dressed and undressed by his valets.



THE KING OF BAVARIA.

The King of Bavaria is the victim of acute mental derangement. Our illustration is from a portrait of King Otto when a very young man, as no authentic photograph has been taken for a great many years. The kingdom is being ruled by the Regent, Prince Luitpold, who is the unhappy King's uncle.

So alarming became the illness of the King of Roumania last week, that Professor von Noorden was summoned from Vienna for consultation with the Court physician. His Majesty is no longer able to feed himself, and lives almost entirely upon milk. His nerves are absolutely shattered.

The Shah of Persia is said to be suffering from Bright's disease.

The Giant who would a-Wooing Go.

He saw 301 girls with a view to matrimony, and finally chose Miss Emily Faraday, of the Coach and Horses Hotel, Notting Hill.

Henri Cot, the French giant, has found himself a wife. She is Miss Faraday, of the Coach and Horses Hotel, Notting Hill Gate.

It will be remembered that in our



Henri Cot, the 8ft. 6in. giant, who has been searching London for a lady willing to marry him.

Issue of Nov. 3rd—not a month ago—we published the following notice:

Good-looking, intelligent Frenchman, 22 years of age, 8ft. 7in. high, and weighing 390lb., ample means, wishes to meet prepossessing, domesticated lady with a view to immediate matrimony. The lady must be willing to tour the world. *Bond fide* replies to Henri Cot, care of John Christie, Esq., 287, Mare-street, Hackney.

Since then the French giant has interviewed no fewer than 301 ladies with a view to matrimony, and has now finally fixed his choice upon Miss Faraday.

Henri, it appears, is the son of a farmer, and his parents, brothers, and sisters are all of ordinary stature. Due, perhaps, to the natural law of the attraction of opposites, Henri has for some years carried about with him a Russian dwarf named Peter Colibri, who, being only 23in. high, travels comfortably about in the coat-pocket of his giant protector.

For a long time Henri was in a bit of a quandary. Out of so many

available girls—which to choose? In desperation, Henri, like the gentleman of classic fame who went out in search of an honest man, set out on a tour of London, and especially London tea-shops, to look for a perfect girl. It was in one of these that Henri met his fate. There was one coy damsel before whom he was ready to prostrate himself, but, alas! she would have none of him. Henri was quite disconsolate, but even so the world must be amused, so he went his way to Stratford, there to appear at the Empire of that name.

At the same time there also set out, bound for the same place, the "little blind god" and one Miss Emily Faraday. Now, when the aforesaid little blind god takes a hand in the game something usually happens. In this case what happened may be imagined when we say that on Christmas Day next there is to be a wedding, when Emily Faraday will take Henri Cot "for better, etc., etc." Here's luck to them!

Miss Faraday, who was discovered

at the hostel known as the Coach and Horses in Notting Hill Gate, smiled sweetly, blushed a little, and gracefully resigned herself to answering several more or less personal questions.

"It is quite true," said Miss Faraday, who is an attractive and fair-haired young lady of some twenty-six summers. "People seem to think it's only a joke, but I really don't see why they should. Perhaps you know that we first met at the Stratford Empire, and"—this with another blush—"I really think it was a case of love at first sight. As matters stand at present we are going to be married on Christmas Day, and the honeymoon will be spent in Edinburgh."

Miss Faraday does not speak French, and Henri has but little English; but, as the lady calmly observed, "He will have to learn to speak English, that's all."

To a remark that the public would no doubt be anxious to see for themselves a lady willing to accept so

great a responsibility (in more senses than one) Miss Faraday replied: "Well, they will probably soon have an opportunity, for it is more than likely that my fiancé and I will appear together at the Shepherd's Bush Empire very soon. I expect I shall be fearfully nervous, though."

And Peter? Miss Faraday does not know what will become of Peter. Indeed, Peter would seem to be the one fly in the ointment. For the benefit of those who have not before met the gentlemen, it may be said that Peter Colibri is a Russian dwarf, who, being only 23in. high, has hitherto travelled everywhere with the giant, generally in his overcoat pocket. Indeed, they have been quite inseparable. But in a solitude à deux there will evidently be no room for the dwarf. So the question remains, What is to become of Peter? Perhaps some disappointed admirer of Henri will take compassion on him. And then there would probably be a double wedding next Christmas Day.

An El Dorado of Jewels.

The Duchess of Cumberland came on her marriage the mistress of jewels and plate the particulars of which read like a page out of "The Arabian Nights" rather than sober fact. The old King of Hanover successfully established his claim to some of the finest of the British Crown jewels, including a pearl necklace valued at £200,000. But, perhaps, even more astonishing is the "silver treasure" of the House of Hanover, which weighs twelve tons, and was insured for £8,000,000. Her Royal Highness's refined beauty



Photo, Campbell-Grey.

Miss Emily Faraday who, at Christmas will marry Henri Cot, the French giant.

is exquisitely set off by gems, and her presence at a Court will be eagerly looked for by lovers of splendid jewels.

Labour Colonies.

It is a question whether the returned farm labourers who have failed in town and want to get back to the country will settle on these colonies. Once a farmer's handyman, always one, is true enough. The young farm labourer drifts into the town, but he never forgets or loses the knack of his early training. He could put his hand to the plough or the scythe as well as if he had never forsaken them. The only inducement that will hold them will be a definite promise of steady work at a living wage. Can the Church Army and the Salvation Army promise them that? If the money of the charitable and benevolent is to be well and wisely spent, surely it will be best so over genuine and honest but unlucky countrymen who will accept the helping-hand.



The Coach and Horses, High Street, Notting Hill Gate, where Miss Emily Faraday is at present employed.

British Peers and Peeresses in Trade.

"P.I.P." SPECIAL.

Lord Rayleigh is a milkman, and Lord De La Warr deals in land. Lady Wimborne keeps a book-shop. You can buy clothes from Lady Duff-Gordon, and coals from Lord Londonderry. There are many other aristocratic show-keepers in London Society to-day.

Democracy has even cast its spell over the House of Peers, and blue-blooded hands have not scrupled to augment vanishing incomes by finger-ing the contents of the tills of trade. Every year records some member of the peerage figuring in other commercial speculations than the directorates of aspiring public companies. "Trade" has her victories no less renowned than war, and the absorption of many of the best titles of the upper House is a victory indeed. That the peerage should be

Lord Llangatock's great wealth, like that of the Duke of Westminster, had its origin in milk. His ancestor, John Rolls, was a Camberwell dairyman, who, in due time, became owner of his own meadows. Then London, the ever-growing, in its expansion southward, swallowed up his farm and fields, and the houses now built on the Rolls' estate yield to their fortunate owner the income of a prince. Lord Llangatock, who, by the way, is the father of that intrepid aeronaut, the Hon. C. S. Rolls, also owns large estates and several seats in Monmouthshire, where he is most successful in breeding shire horses.

MORE DAIRY PEERS.

The Duke of Westminster's fortunate ancestor married Mary Davies, the daughter of a dairyman whose farm occupied most of the low-lying district of Belgravia. This fabulously-valuable property now pays the Duke tens of thousands yearly, and the milkman's memory is perpetuated by "Davies Street."

Another London landlord whose ancestors wrested fortune from the milk-can is Viscount Portman, whose progenitor, a Wessex squire, used to pay a yearly visit to London to attend his Parliamentary duties. Discovering that London milk was vastly inferior to that of Wessex, he purchased a few fields to the north of the old Oxford Road, and stocked them with cattle. On those fields now stand Portman Square, Great Cumberland Place, and other heavy rent-yielding thoroughfares.

LORDLY COAL MERCHANTS.

Lord Londonderry was, perhaps, the first peer to engage in the retail coal business, and since then has had

several noble imitators. Lord Londonderry's first depot was within easy distance of the House of Lords, and the title on the glass door of the coal office, acting as a sort of sponsor for the announcements of "Best Seconds," and "Best Bright Cobbles," caused much comment and criticism on its first appearance. Another peer whose income is almost directly due to coal and iron is the Earl of Dudley. Lately his lordship has taken to advertising, and the an-

NOBLE FRUIT FARMERS.

Lord Sudeley is, perhaps, the best-known fruit-farmer; for, in addition to the agricultural side, he preserves it. Lord Sudeley's "whole fruit preserves" are famous, for the noble name is a guarantee of excellence. Lord Harrington also deals in fruit. He was the first peer to open a green-grocer's shop. The "Elvaston Fruit Stores," at Charing Cross, where all and sundry may purchase fruit, flowers, or vegetables, are a tribute to his lordship's courage. Lord Ranfurly, a descendant of William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, has also dealt in fruit at home and abroad during his Governorship of New Zealand. Lady Warwick opened a shop at 58 Bond Street, where, with her name in large letters on the facade, she sold needlework and embroidery.

Lady Wimborne sells Church of England literature at 8 Dover Street, under the title of the "Church of England Book Store." Lady Duff-Gordon, who, under the euphonious name of "Lucille," produces some of Society's most fashionable dresses, last year attracted almost everybody to her Hanover Square establishment, where they were thrown into ecstasies by her daring "emotional gowns." Viscountess Hambledon, who is a peeress in her own right, has still an interest in the great publishing firm of W. H. Smith and Son.

THE "BEERAGE."

The brewing industry claims the attention of several members of the Upper House. These are Lord Burton, who is the head of Bass's; Lord Iveagh and Lord Ardilaun, who watch over the destinies of Guinness; and Lord Ailesbury, who is interested in Meux and Co. The Marquis of

Bute owns the only English vineyard, which has yielded some excellent wine. Ten years ago the year's output of wine exceeded £3,000, and for several subsequent years this figure was reached. Lord De La Warr deals in land, and has done some excellent work in this profitable commodity at Bexhill, where he is almost monarch of all he surveys. Lord Ashton inherited a small carpet factory, and made a peerage out of linoleum. Lord Avebury, Lord Rothschild, and several other peers



Photo, Lafayette.

Lord Dudley, corn and coal merchant.



Photo, Russell.

The Duke of Westminster, whose vast fortune owes its origin to milk.



Photo, Russell.

Lord Llangatock, whose fortune is derived from a Camberwell dairy.

recruited occasionally by commercial magnates is nowadays a fairly common occurrence, and calls for no comment, but that the serried ranks of commercialism should be strengthened by the opportunism of Lord or Lady Democracy is another matter. Perhaps of all commercial ventures none have attracted the peerage so much as that of the milk-can. Lord Rosebery and Lord Rayleigh are both interested in the supply of dairy produce, and the shops of the Marquis of Ailesbury are well known.

nouncement of the "Earl of Dudley's Round Ball Works, Ltd.," for the supply of "joints, channels, tees, angles, flats, rounds, squares, etc.," often appear in the engineering supplement of the *Times*. Lord Stafford is another aristocratic colliery owner whose name figures in the verse:

Lord Stafford mines for coal and salt,
The Duke of Norfolk deals in malt,
The Douglas in red herrings;
But gartered name and noble brand
Are powerless to the notes of hand
Of Rothschild and the Barings.

are interested in banking; while Lord Petre conducts a school. There are many more examples of commercial peers, but the catalogue must give way to the demands of space.

Subscriptions for the PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER should be sent to the Publisher, 18 Henrietta Street, W.C. The "P.I.P." will be sent post-free to any part of the United Kingdom for thirteen weeks, on receipt of postal order, value 1s. 8d.; six months, 3s. 3d.; one year, 6s. 6d. Single copies post-free 1d. For foreign postage the rates are: three months, 2s. 2d.; six months, 4s. 4d.; one year, 8s. 8d. The PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER may be sent by halfpenny post to any place in the United Kingdom. To the Colonies or any foreign place the postage is one penny.

Entire Village Involved in Wholesale Murder.

Thirteen residents of the village of Knez, Hungary, have been arrested on the charge of poisoning their husbands or wives, and the police investigation shows that practically the entire village is involved in allegations of wholesale murder.



An extraordinary affair has just occurred at the small town of Knez, in the Temesvar district of Hungary. Under the instructions of the Public Prosecutor, no fewer than twenty-five graves in the local churchyard were opened, and the bodies of men and women who had died during the course of last year were exhumed. A medical commission was appointed, and they removed certain portions of each corpse and forwarded them to the Buda-Pesth Central Institute of Medicine to undergo analytical examination.

The board of the institute now reports that the whole of these persons had been poisoned by means of arsenic. In consequence of this declaration two peasant women have been arrested. The prisoners, it is alleged, did a regular trade in arsenic to men who desired to rid themselves of their wives, and to women who wished to be relieved of their husbands.

Moreover, five male peasants and two women have been arrested on charges of murdering their spouses, and it is expected that other arrests will follow, as the investigation is by no means at an end.

It appears that vague rumours of something wrong had reached the authorities, owing to the suspicious deaths which had happened for months past. It is a remarkable fact that in the same neighbourhood, which is principally inhabited by Roumanians, the frequency with which the deaths of married persons occurred some years ago attracted the attention of the officials. A large number of persons were then arrested, and convicted, for arsenic poisoning, among them being a woman who had married four men one after another, and had poisoned them all.

British Peers and Peeresses In Trade.

Some Aristocratic Shop-keepers, and the Places
Where they do Business.



Lady Duff Gordon



Lord De La Warr



Lady Wimborne



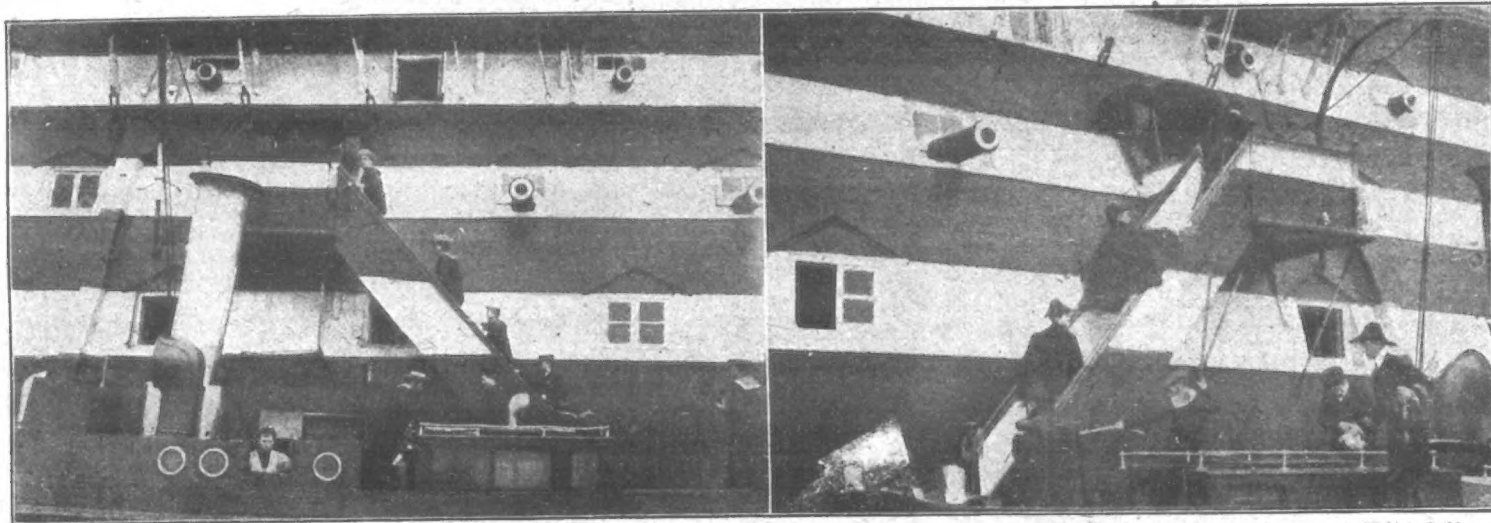
Countess of Warwick



Lord Rayleigh



Scenes and Ceremonies Caught by the Camera.



THE COURT-MARTIAL AT PORTSMOUTH: 1. The prisoners being taken on board the "Victory." 2. Officers arriving. Stoker Moody, one of the ringleaders of the riot, has been sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

Photos, Cribb.



A MEMORIAL TO QUINTIN HOGG, UNVEILED BY THE DUKE OF ARGYLL: 1. The Duke of Argyll at the unveiling of the Quintin Hogg memorial in Langham Place on Saturday last. 2. The Memorial, which was designed by Mr. Frampton, R.A.

Photos, P.I.P.

The Price of Pleasure :

Huge crowds waited for hours outside the theatre to see Sir Charles Wyndham play "David Garrick" last week for the only time this season.



Photo, P.I.P. Special

"David Garrick" has been played by Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore about 1,000 times. Taking an average of £300 a performance (though this amount has frequently been exceeded, especially in the cause of charity), it may be gauged that this play alone has yielded a harvest of some £300,000.

"P.I.P." Farmer and Gardener.

A little salt is necessary to all animals. Our practice is to keep a lump of rock salt where the cows and heifers can get at it whenever they please. And they often do please. Cattle taken in now from the inclement weather are given a dry bit to pull at during the night. A sprinkling of salted water over that feed would serve to entice the animals to eat it more greedily. On marshy land, especially at this season, one sees heifers licking each other's coats. When they lick they swallow the hair which comes off, and the consequence of that is often serious. The hair forms into a hard ball in the animal's stomach. There it acts greatly to the detriment of the digestive functions. The animal becomes thin and emaciated. The vet. is sent for. He says nothing about the balls of hair. Why should he? He gives a bottle of something, hit or miss—more often the latter. A lick of salt would save all this trouble.

Another Wrinkle.

Gooseberry cuttings are plentiful. There is scarcely any need to take all one can get. The coarser and somewhat lengthy ones may be left. These, one must know, will be too long to shape to the ideal size as cuttings without taking off their tips. Take off the tips and ruin the bush should be a maxim. Cuttings that are sturdy and well set with buds, and with spines, too "an ye please," about 13in. long, so that 6in. may be left above ground when the dis-budded bases have been firmed in, are our ideal. Then, next spring, when shoots have pushed, the tips can be cut back, and no harm will be done.

Fattening Feeds.

We have commenced giving our stock poultry a little maize. The drawback to maize when birds have been fed fat on it is that it colours their flesh somewhat yellow. If fed very freely to laying hens they become too fat internally, and have not sufficient space in which to get forward their eggs. Consequently they lay badly. Maize, however, as a warmth-giving food, is most valuable. A few grains of it after the ordinary evening feed will make a lot of difference to the birds in cold weather. All growing chickens that are not to be fattened for market may have maize meal with their ground oats, that is from now on. A wholesome spice that will help birds to eat more greedily may be made from ground aniseed, linseed meal, and black pepper. To that we add some coarse brown sugar; 1lb. of each ingredient mixed, kept in a glass jar till required, and used at the rate of a tablespoonful for each score birds once daily is our practice in cold, wet weather. Spratts' dog biscuit crushed, or soaked, and mixed with the morning feed, makes a capital extra during winter. Raw onions, sliced and minced, and mixed into a meal-feed, are very stimulating. We prefer the red-skinned, home-grown ones for that purpose.

Table Poultry.

It is the best season now for getting in fresh stock birds. We were asked by a keen young aspirant to fat-poultry making, to recommend the best fatter's bird. The Sussex fatters have a local breed. If one might give it a name on account of its vagaries in colour, one might call it the Sussex mongrel. Ah! but there is not a table bird in the world that can range alongside of it at any stage—either as fast-growing chick, or fine, white-fleshed, small-boned, fat chicken. When one can pick them up at ten weeks old, give them twelve or fourteen days' cramming, and then sell them as fast as one can make them ready at 3s. 6d. to 3s. 9d. and 4s. each, they must be good ones. As to the type, there is again a variation. The red Sussex is somewhat under the size of the light Sussex, and it is not quite such a fast grower, but it has more meat. The speckled Sussex is another fine meaty bird. We handled some recently that seemed to be all breast. There is also a pile variety. We, ourselves, keep all sorts, but we find it most difficult to breed them clean to any one type. As a matter of fact, these Sussex fowls suit us well. They cross with any of the non-sitters, and they then breed a first-class utility fowl—a fine layer of rich, brown-shelled eggs, an excellent brooder, and the meatiest, small-boned, table-bird lover of roast chicken could desire.

DARBY AND JOAN.

SHALL WE FLY IN 1907 ?

Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, the Hon. C. S. Rolls, Sir Hiram Maxim, Colonel Fullerton, R.E., and other Distinguished Scientists, say
YES !

TENNYSON'S PROPHECY.

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales,
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;
Far along the world-wide whisper of the south wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunderstorm.

Lord Tennyson's prophecy is going to come true far sooner than he thought.

From the statements which have been made during the past week, by Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, the Hon. C. S. Rolls, Sir Hiram Maxim, Colonel Fullerton, and other distinguished scientists, and from the large number of valuable prizes, aggregating many thousands of pounds,

practical utility rather than one of great lifting power.

Between Sept. 26th and Oct. 5th six ascents were made, the minimum duration of the flight being eighteen minutes, when over eleven miles were covered. The cause of stopping was three times hot bearings and three times exhaustion of fuel. The longest time the machine remained in the air was thirty-five minutes.

M. Santos-Dumont has not yet made such progress as his American rivals, but he has most assuredly succeeded in constructing a machine which will really fly, and in a few months will probably have brought his invention to the same pitch of perfection as the brothers Wright have brought theirs.

His apparatus is shaped like an inverted T (thus **⊥**), the planes being in the nature of hollow boxes of canvas mounted on a light framework. A specially light eight-

ocean. Man is not quick enough and cannot think quickly enough to maintain the equilibrium of the machine with these unexpected and sudden disturbances for long. There must be automatic regulation of equilibrium. This is the crux of the problem.

"I have solved it. I have applied myself almost exclusively to this since 1894. In October, 1898, I first flew a power-driven machine for only seventy-two feet, but I was satisfied that I was on the right lines. Since then I have been perfecting the equilibrium-regulator and also the motor.

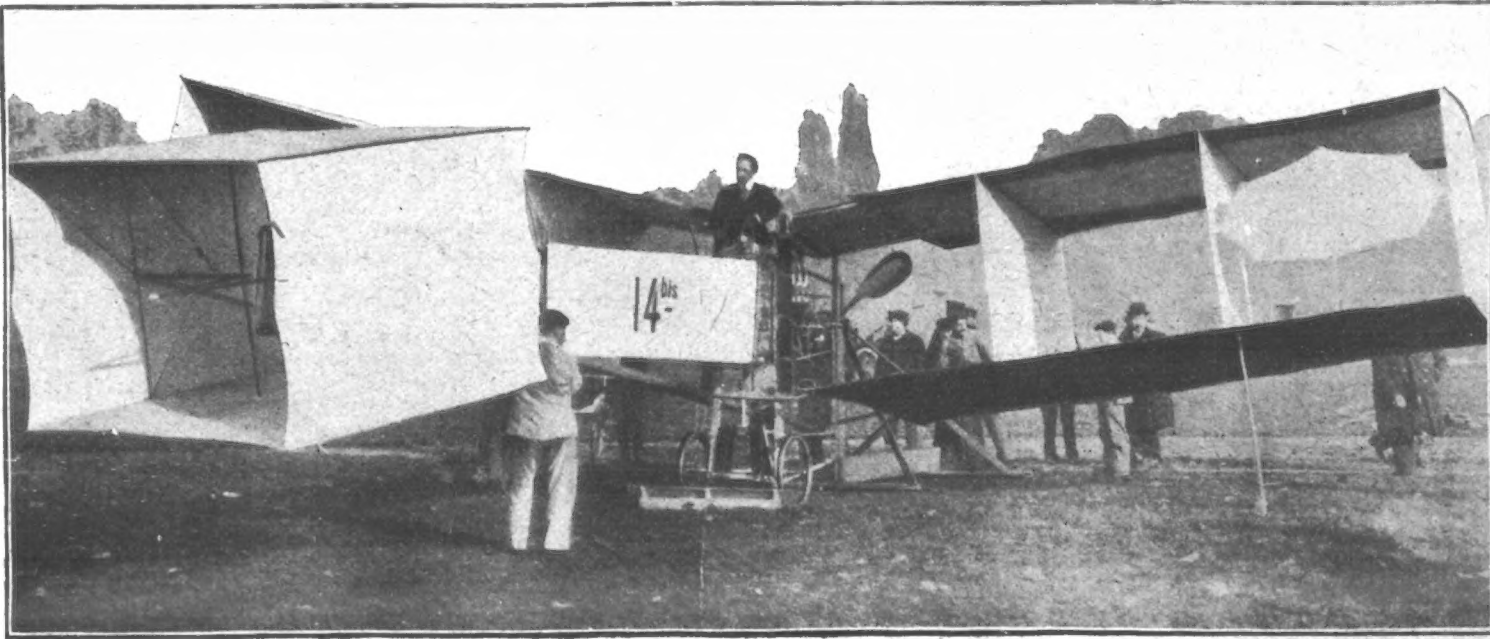
"Now my regulating mechanism is perfected, my motor is perfected, and I have a model which can make a single flight of 500 miles. I am building a machine, towards the completion of which only a short step remains. By the spring I shall be ready to fly.

probable that efforts will be made, by firing specially-designed projectiles more or less vertically downwards on the decks of ships, seriously to damage the engines, boilers, etc., of the floating vessels.

"No doubt the flying machines will have considerable difficulty in carrying out this duty, but light, high-speed machines, painted so as to resemble the sky as much as possible, will be able to do a great deal of damage.

"The location and destruction of submarines will possibly also be an important function of the aerial ships, as their position high up in the air will enable them to trace the course of vessels some thirty or forty feet below the water.

"Against land forces reconnoitring will be the principal duty, but setting fire to store depôts and attacking mounted troops and stampeding or destroying their horses will



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

M. SANTOS-DUMONT IN HIS NEW AEROPLANE: This new flying-machine is **⊥**-shaped, with a rudder for steering. The wheels at the base of the aeroplane are for the purpose of supporting it when on the ground. The motor can make 1,500 revolutions a minute, giving a speed of twenty-one miles an hour.

which have recently been offered for successful aeroplanes, it is evident that quite a number of machines that can really fly long distances will be seen by this time next year.

Indeed, three men have already succeeded in solving the problem of aerial navigation—the brothers Wright, of America, and M. Santos-Dumont.

On the authority of no less a personage than Sir Hiram Maxim, backed up by statements in the *Scientific American* and the signed declaration of three hundred inhabitants of Dayton, U.S.A., the Wright brothers have flown twenty-four miles consecutively in an aeroplane.

Owing to the fact that the two brothers intended attempting to sell their machine to the French Government for war purposes, and that it had not been protected by patents, no exact description of the machine has yet appeared.

The *Scientific American*, however, gleaned the following facts: The weight of the machine and operator together was 925lb., and the motor is said to have been a 24 h.p. four-cylinder, air-cooled gasoline engine, weighing complete about 250lb., or a little over 10lb. to the horse-power. Aeronautical motors have been constructed to weigh as little as 22lb. per horse-power, but the Wrights made no effort at lightness of construction, their object being to have a machine that is substantial and of

cylinder engine of 50 h.p. is fitted, and the whole apparatus is mounted on two cycle wheels. The Wright aeroplane had to be run down a slope in order to get the necessary rising impetus.

Dumont first sets his engine to drive the cycle wheels, and the apparatus runs along the ground until a fair speed is gained. Then the propeller is set in motion, and if all goes well the machine lifts gradually until the wheels are clear of the ground.

The great problem which confronts the conquerors of the air is the question of balance. In an interesting interview published in the *Daily Mail*, Mr. Augustus M. Herring, who hopes to fly from Manchester to London next spring, said that he believed he had solved the problem.

"For twenty years," he said, "the flying machine has not been a question of building light engines. Maxim's engines were quite light enough. His motor weighed half as much per horse-power as the Wrights, and was lighter than mine, which accomplished two short flights in 1898.

"The only reason the flying machine was not accomplished years ago is that inventors overlooked the essential condition that the atmosphere is an ocean beset by waves and disturbances far more formidable in proportion to the craft riding it than the waves are to vessels on the

"I make a prediction which may startle people who are not versed in what has already been scientifically established—namely, that the flying machine to-day is further advanced than the automobile was ten years ago. If you live ten years longer you will see ten flying machines to one automobile."

"There is now no good reason why serviceable flying machines travelling at the rate of thirty to forty miles an hour should not be constructed, and there is no doubt that in the next great war flying machines will be regularly employed."

This was one of various interesting peeps into the future made at the Royal United Service Institution last week by Colonel Fullerton, R.E., in an address on the recent progress in aerial navigation. He also predicted a postal and passenger aerial service.

"As regards purely aerial warfare, the first object of each side will be by means of their air forces to obtain the command of the air. For this purpose both sides will maintain high-speed flying machines armed with light guns.

"The aerial battles will practically settle the first period of the campaign, the victor gaining the command of the air and all the advantages which will ensue therefrom.

Against an enemy's sea forces the flying machines will be used chiefly for reconnoitring purposes, but it is

also be practised. At present it is doubtful whether the flying machine is suitable for commercial purposes, as transport by rail or ship is probably cheaper.

"There seems, however, to be an opening for postal and light parcel work, and when more experience has been gained and air-ships with a higher speed are available it should be quite possible to convey passengers and light goods at a rate ensuring a reasonable return on the expenditure involved.

"In view of the enormous importance of the subject, coupled with the fact that there is no doubt whatever that aerial ships will play an important part in future wars, and that it is consequently most desirable that this country should take steps to ensure a suitable aerial force being ready when the time for the struggle arrives, I suggest the appointment of a Royal Commission."

Sir Hiram Maxim said there was no doubt now about the success of flying machines, which would soon be in the air in more senses than one.

The Americans had spent large sums of money on the problem of the navigation of the air; the French Government had also spent a good deal of money, and the German Emperor was taking the matter up.

"Flying machines," he added, "are things we have to compete in, and unless England soon takes up the question she will be left in the cold."

ANTIPON,

THE PERFECT HOME TREATMENT FOR THE CURE OF CORPULENCE.

Stout Men and Women made Young again in Personal Appearance, Health, and Strength, even in the Severest Cases of Obesity.

Excessive fatness can now be no longer regarded as a malady obstinate to cure. The marvellous fat absorbent powers of Antipon, its splendid tonic effects; its refreshing pleasantness, its economy in use, are qualities which have combined to place the great specific amongst the most notable remedies of the age. By every competent authority Antipon is now recognised as the standard remedy for the permanent cure of obesity. It has effected thousands of cures and made men and women in all parts of the world young and strong and healthy again, rejoicing in renewed physical and mental energy and zest for the outdoor pastimes and recreations which are barred to the over-stout. At the registered offices of the Antipon Company may be seen hundreds of letters from grateful persons of both sexes acknowledging their indebtedness to the simple, easy, and harmless Antipon treatment for permanent benefits received, not only in regard to the lasting reduction to normal weight, but for lasting good to the general health. After a short course of Antipon one feels and looks a new being. As to the fat-reducing powers of Antipon, these may be proved at once; for a day and a night after the first dose there is invariably a noticeable decrease; sometimes 8oz. (rarely less); sometimes 3lb. or more, in extreme cases. Individual conditions—state of health, age, duration of the obesity, &c.—have to be taken into consideration. Following the first day's decrease, there is a steady and sure reduction day by day until normal weight and graceful proportions are regained, when the doses may be discontinued. It will be found that while the superfluous and diseased fatty deposits have been gradually absorbed and eliminated, the tendency to make fat of everything eaten has also been destroyed. That is a most important feature in the Antipon treatment. Another is its tonic character. Antipon gives renewed tone to the whole system, especially to the digestive organs; appetite is increased and must be satisfied thoroughly with good blood-forming food. In this respect, as in most others, Antipon differs fundamentally from the semi-starvation, drugging methods of reducing weight which once wrought so much evil. Hence under the Antipon treatment the entire organism undergoes a beneficent change—beauty regained; health and vitality re-established; all the clogging masses removed from the vital organs; breathing easy; movements free and graceful. Surely a positive transformation; and one which the most moderate purses may aspire to. Antipon is a refreshing liquid containing only vegetable ingredients; no traces of any mineral or other harmful substance. It causes no discomfort or inconvenience, being neither aperient nor the opposite.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, &c.; or in the event of difficulty may be obtained (on sending amount), post paid, privately packed, direct from the Sole Manufacturers, The Antipon Company, 13 Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.

Rheumatism.

The most obstinate cases of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Bronchitis, etc., are at once relieved by rubbing with **Smedley's Chilli Paste**, and, if applied when the first symptoms appear, one application will usually effect a complete cure, and avert what might otherwise be a severe illness. In 1/4, 1/6, & 2/9 bottles from all chemists, or post free from **HIRST, BROOKE, & HIRST, Ltd., LEEDS.**

Smedley's Paste.

Economy in use

Easy and speed in making.
Delicacy of flavour.
Fragrance of aroma.
Purity in manufacture.

These are only a few of the outstanding characteristics of

'CAMP' COFFEE

Buy a bottle and test it. All grocers sell it.
R. Paterson & Sons, Coffee Specialists, Glasgow.

"If You Live Ten Years Longer You Will See Ten Flying-Machines to one Motor-car,"

SAYS MR. A. M. HERRING, THE GREAT AMERICAN SCIENTIST.

WELL-KNOWN SOCIETY WOMEN WANT VOTES.

("P.I.P." SPECIAL.)

Despite the fact that the Suffragettes have been mercilessly ridiculed by the Public and the Press, the movement is rapidly gaining ground, and politicians are now compelled to acknowledge that the question has become a serious factor in the modern political situation. In the Huddersfield election this week the Suffragettes have completely monopolised the attention of the constituents.

The woman's suffrage movement, despite the ridicule heaped upon it by the Press, has caught on. Even Society has condescended to send recruits to its fighting ranks and to give it the benefit of its approval. It is no longer a movement of working women, but of women workers. Foremost amongst those who are trying to win for womankind a voice in the choosing of the Legislature is Lady Frances Balfour. She is one of the cleverest woman orators in the country, and her presence is always welcomed on the platform by those who have heard her before. She is a sister-in-law of the late Premier, and a daughter of the late Duke of Argyll, whom she recalls in personal appearance, character, and abilities. She takes a keen interest in all topical happenings, and is often an epistolary combatant in the controversial arena. She is a frequent and not unwelcome visitor in the lobby of the House, where her opinions are always listened to with respect and consideration.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET.

Lady Henry Somerset was Lady Isabel Somers-Cocks, daughter of the late and last Earl Somers. She is a sister of Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, and married Lord Henry Somerset in 1873. At one time her ladyship was one of the great figures in society, but is now one of the hardest workers in the cause of temperance. She is a wonderful public speaker, and possesses a voice that rivals the famous *voix d'or* of

A. T. Lyttelton, Bishop of Southampton, is one of the earliest adherents of the suffragette movement. For many years she has been the President of the National Union of Woman Workers. She can show a record of work worthy of a descendant of Clive, the conqueror of India. To her own household cares and her many social duties she has added an active interest in all that touches the life of women. University extension

owes much to her; she has served on the Council of the Charity Organisation Society; fought in the suffrage campaign; and promoted in Manchester a co-operative union of women engaged in trade. She has a fine presence, is a forcible speaker, and has a cheery manner that captivates all hearts.

Mrs. SIDNEY WEBB.

Mrs. Sidney Webb, the well-known Fabian, is also a professed suffragette.



Mr. JOHN FOSTER FRASER, the Unionist candidate, speaking from his car during a tour through the constituency.



Mr. RUSSELL WILLIAMS, the Labour Candidate, addressing mill hands.

She is the wife and collaborator of the great economist, and, with his assistance, has produced several works which are the text-books of all social reformers. She was appointed, with Mrs. Octavia Hill and Mrs. Bernard Bosanquet, to serve on the Poor Law Commission last year, and did her work thoroughly and well. She is a diligent worker, and an easy speaker, who can utilise statistics with great effect.

Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL.

The great actress is quite a recent upholder of the rights of women, but, while supporting the suffragettes' demand, is not in any way a militant. She probably inherited her views on the momentous question from "the notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," who was a suffragette among suffragettes. She is a brilliant conversationalist, an

exquisite musician, of enthusiastic temperament, and is quite an acquisition to the movement. Lady Victoria Villiers is a favourite sister of the Duke of Roxburghe. Her wedding in 1901 was one of the greatest Society functions of the year. She is a god-daughter of the late Queen Victoria. Mrs. Pethick Lawrence is the wife of Mr. W. F. Pethick Lawrence, who generously undertook to indemnify the unsecured creditors of the old *Echo* Company, although under no legal liability to do so, a voluntary act for which he deserves the highest praise. Mrs. Lawrence is an enthusiastic suffragette, and has been to prison for her opinions.

Mrs. ORMISTON CHANT.

Mrs. Ormiston Chant is a Monmouthshire woman. At the time of her birth her father was engaged in the construction of a tubular bridge across the Wye. From fifteen to twenty-two years of age she was a Sunday-school teacher, and then she became a hospital nurse. While thus employed she studied medicine, but the opposition of the schools to women damped her ardour, and she decided to seek fame on the public platform. As her maiden speech was on the subject of female suffrage, it goes without saying that Mrs. Chant has been true to her principles. She is an authoress, poetess, and takes a keen interest in physical development. Lady Harborton has always

been in the advance guard. She is the wife of the sixth Viscount Harborton, an Irish peer, whose family name is Pomeroy. Although she has been married close on forty years, her youthful appearance is remarkable. She is strongly adverse to evening dress, but advocates short skirts and bloomers. In 1899 she successfully prosecuted an inn-keeper who refused to serve her with refreshments because she wore rational cycling dress. She is a pioneer of the rational dress movement. Other well-known suffragettes include Miss Gertrude M. Bradley, the artist; Mrs. Edward Garnett, the translator of Tolstoi; Miss Beatrice Harraden, the well-known authoress; Mrs. Ernest Radford, the poetess; Miss Alpha Wilson, the writer; Lady Pearson, the philanthropist; Dr. Margaret Todd, writer and physician; Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson; Mrs. Ayrton, the scientist; Lady Strachey, and the chief lady doctors of London. The success of the movement is apparently only a matter of time.

Mrs. DESPARD.

Another militant suffragette is Mrs. Despard, who probably inherits her persevering fighting qualities with her more famous brother, who is no less a celebrity than General French. Tall, grey-haired, with determined but pleasant features, Mrs. Despard paradoxically protests that the fates have been unkind to her. She is in



Mr. SHERWELL, the Liberal Candidate for Huddersfield.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt. She is a rich woman, and owns three country estates. In many respects she is more French than English, due, no doubt, to her French ancestry. On one occasion she visited her own castle dressed as a French lady, signing herself "Duchesse de Montmorenci." The good old housekeeper showed her round unsuspectingly, grew very indignant at the French comments of the visitor, and later on complained to Lady Henry Somerset of that "wretched cat, the Duchesse de Montmorenci." Lady Henry is a clever water-colourist, an accomplishment inherited from her father, who was one of the finest amateur artists in England.

Mrs. HENRY FAWCETT.

This brilliant lady is considered by those who ought to know to be the best living woman speaker. She is the widow of the distinguished blind politician, who was Postmaster-General for so many years. She began her platform career, soon after her marriage, as a determined advocate of woman's suffrage, and a promoter of the higher education of women. That being so, there was something particularly appropriate in the fact that it was her only child, Miss Philippa Fawcett, who was placed above the Senior Wrangler in 1890. This brilliant young woman is now the Principal Assistant in the Education Department of the London County Council, wresting the post from no fewer than 486 candidates. Mrs. Fawcett is the author of the "Life of Sir William Molesworth," and the "Life of Queen Victoria."

Mrs. ARTHUR LYTTLTON.

Mrs. Arthur Lyttelton, who since 1850 has been the wife of the Hon.



Mrs. MARTEL and Mrs. HANSEN distributing handbills in the streets of Huddersfield.

the Gilbertian position of wanting to be imprisoned, and suffer a modified "martyrdom" for her cause, while the ungallant police persistently refuse to oblige her. She is ubiquitous at all the suffragist *melées*, but the police persistently and consistently pass her over. She begs, almost with tears in her eyes, for the glory of the prison cell, yet the hard-hearted "bolts in blue" leave her severely alone. She is a clever and incisive speaker, and is most hopeful for the future enfranchisement of woman-kind.

WHY WOMEN WANT VOTES.

Mrs. HENRY FAWCETT, LL.D., SAYS:

"A woman may pay hundreds a year in taxation; she may be the head of a large establishment giving employment to dozens of persons; she may be the source of wholesome influence and kindly common sense in her immediate neighbourhood; she may be regarded with affection and esteem by a whole country side, and her advice may be sought in practical affairs by men and women far and near. But when it comes to electing a member of Parliament for the place where she lives, she is in a lower political position than any drunken, illiterate ne'er-do-weel man who is not fit to black her boots."

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.



SUFFRAGETTES IN SOCIETY.



WELL-KNOWN WOMEN WHO HAVE JOINED THE CAUSE.



LADY HENRY SOMERSET



THE HON MRS LYTTLETON



MRS ORMESTON CHANT



MISS BEATRICE HARRADEN



LADY VICTORIA VILLIERS



LADY FRANCES BALFOUR



MRS DESPARD



WHEN EGGS ARE EGGS.

Every housewife knows the meaning of the phrase "eggs are eggs," and regrets that, at a time of year when so many extra cakes and puddings have to be provided, eggs stubbornly remain eggs, and constitute a perplexing item in the weekly accounts.

It is the custom in most well-ordered kitchens to cut down the quantity of cooking eggs rather than to use those of inferior quality. One good egg is infinitely better than three middling ones, while if the choice rests between a really doubtful egg, and no egg at all, the capable housewife spends little time wondering which she will employ.

It has been the writer's good fortune to come into possession of a very useful Cookery Manual, notable, above everything else, for two things—its common-sense recipes and its reasonable (because seasonable) economy in the matter of eggs.

"Currants: A Few Tasty Recipes"—is the unpretentious title of this delightful book. The recipes are the production of one of the cleverest chefs in the country, and are something new in Currant Cookery. The book is not on sale, but, what is a great deal more convenient, may be had from your own particular grocer if you ask him for it. There is certain to be quick demand for it, so we counsel you to make early application.

The Pine Forest at Home!

"SANITAS OIL"

Prevents and Cures
Bronchitis, Influenza, Diphtheria
AND ALL
Lung and Throat Affections.

DIRECTION:
INHALE and FUMIGATE with
"SANITAS OIL."

Special Pamphlet Free.

The "SANITAS" CO. Ltd.,
Limehouse, London, E.

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Selected
GEM RINGS.
LARGEST STOCK IN THE WORLD.



The "Times" system of
MONTHLY PAYMENTS

is available.

BENSON'S do not charge extra for buying this way.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS FREE.
No. 1, of Watches, Chains, Jewellery, and Rings (with size card).
No. 2, of Clocks, "Imperial Plate," &c.
No. 3, of Silver Articles for Presents.

STEAM FACTORY:
62 & 64 LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

GOLD MEDAL AWARDED
Woman's Exhibition, London, 1900.

75 YEARS' Established Reputation.

Neave's Food

"Very carefully prepared and highly nutritious."—*Lancet*.

"An excellent Food, admirably adapted to the wants of Infants and Young Persons, and being rich in Phosphates and Potash is of the greatest utility in supplying the bone-forming and other indispensable elements of food."—*SIR CHAS. A. CAMERON, C.B., M.D., Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.*

For...
**INFANTS, CHILDREN, INVALIDS,
and the AGED.**

Purveyors by Special Appointment to
H.I.M. THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

BEAUTY and WEALTH WITHOUT HAPPINESS.

TWO WELL-KNOWN WOMEN WHOSE TRAGIC LIFE STORIES
WILL BE MADE PUBLIC SHORTLY.

Early next week the beautiful Mrs. Florence Thaw, artist's model, actress, and eventually the wife of an American millionaire, will be called to give evidence at the trial of her husband for the murder of Mr. Stanford White, another millionaire, who had first induced her to go on the stage, and of whom the husband was jealous.

Mrs. Dorothy Wagstaff, a wealthy Kensington lady, will be charged on her own confession with bigamy. Pressure in connection with a coming case in which Mr. Wagstaff's will is contested by relatives, she alleges, drove her to make the confession.

It was in June that the murder of Mr. White by Mr. Harry Thaw, who is a brother of the Countess of Yarmouth, took place at the Madison Square Roof Garden Theatre in New York.

Mr. Stanford White, a millionaire, fifty-three years of age, well known as an architect and art connoisseur, was witnessing with several friends "Mademoiselle Champagne" on the roof garden.

cession she was model, show girl, actress, and bride.

Mr. Thaw met her when she was a flower-girl in "Florodora." Her manager thought he had discovered a second Edna May, but Cupid won, and she forsook the stage for the altar.

Soon after her marriage the portrait of Mrs. Thaw was used as an advertisement, "Beauty and the Beast," by an enterprising butcher.



MRS. THAW.

Mr. Harry Thaw, the well-known Pittsburg millionaire, and his wife, formerly Miss Florence Nesbitt, were also at the concert.

About eleven o'clock Mr. Thaw sauntered away from the seat where his wife was sitting. Mrs. Thaw appeared perfectly serene, and her face showed no sign of apprehension. It was clear that she had no knowledge of the coming tragedy.

Mr. Thaw strolled among the tables, seemingly at ease, but he never kept his eyes off Mr. White.

A comedian had just finished singing "I Could Love a Million Girls," when Mr. Thaw whipped out a revolver, aimed at Mr. White's head, and nulled the trigger.

The first shot missed, but he quickly fired twice again in succession. Both bullets struck Mr. White in the back, and he fell to the floor.

Mr. Thaw remained, to outward appearance, perfectly calm, when he was seized, and his weapon taken away.

"Well," he said, "he ruined my wife, and I got him."

The name of Mrs. Florence Thaw hides the identity of a girl who, at fifteen, set the New World raving over her beauty.

Miss Florence Nesbitt visited London some three years ago, and at one of the West-End hotels first met her husband. But the course of true love refused to run smoothly. Mr. Thaw's father had left him only £500 a year, but his mother had power to increase it. This she did to the extent of £16,000.

When the news of his engagement to the then chorus girl was flashed across the Atlantic, Mr. Thaw's family were furious. He was threatened with the loss of his voluntary income; he was cabled to return at once and leave the girl behind him.

He refused, and when he arrived at New York in the *Kaiser Wilhelm II.* in November, 1904, his wife was with him. Love had triumphed, and at last the young couple were reconciled to the husband's family.

Many stories of Miss Florence Nesbitt's career since she sat for Charles Dana Gibson's most famous drawing, called "The Eternal Question," have been told. In quick suc-

cession she was model, show girl, actress, and bride.

She was shown reclining upon a bear-skin, her feet resting upon the head of the animal, and the pictures sold like wildfire.

Eventually, however, the family of the millionaire stepped in, and purchased all copies of the advertising sheets at a fancy figure.

Mrs. Dorothy Wagstaff, a wealthy Kensington lady, has been remanded on a charge of bigamy on her own confession, and the case will probably have come up again before this issue is in the hands of its readers.

Mrs. Wagstaff, it appears, was the daughter of an Indian officer named Burns, and at an early age went to Dublin, where she was educated at a convent. In 1877 she obtained a position as lady's companion in Liverpool. Soon afterwards she became a

nurse at the General Hospital at Nottingham, and there she met Mr. Alfred Gibson Jalland (the son of a Nottingham architect), who was studying medicine. An attachment sprang up between the parties, and Miss Burns subsequently consented to become his wife on the understanding that they were not to live together as man and wife until he was fully qualified. They were married at All Saints' Church, Manchester, on March 16th, 1884, Miss Burns going to Manchester Infirmary as a nurse, and Mr. Jalland to Edinburgh to continue his studies. She was successively matron in charge of the Fisherton House sanatorium at Salisbury, and matron of the county lunatic asylum at Canterbury.

During the summer of 1891 she came up to London to engage some servants for the asylum, and it was there she first met Mr. James Poole Wagstaff, J.P. and D.L., of Manor Park, Potters, near Bedford. He was then fifty years of age, and had inherited £170,000 from his father. She was attracted by a crowd in the courtyard at Charing Cross Station, which was watching the antics of a demented woman. Owing to her experience in the treatment of the mentally afflicted, Mrs. Jalland was able to render assistance to the police. Her services attracted the attention of Mr. Wagstaff, who introduced himself to her as "Dr. Fitzjames, a mental specialist." At his invitation they had tea together in a tea-shop near at hand, and after this they corresponded. Then Mr. Jalland came up to London, and had a serious illness, through which his wife nursed him. On his recovery he obtained an appointment at Preston.

Mr. Wagstaff, who had meantime been introduced to Mr. Jalland, again appeared on the scene, and suggested to Mrs. Jalland that she should take up the position of housekeeper at Manor Park. She consented to do this, and was introduced there as the widow of Dr. Jalland, late of Edinburgh. This was in May, 1895. Mr. Wagstaff made no secret of his admiration for Mrs. Jalland, and he argued that, although she and Mr. Jalland had gone through a marriage ceremony, they were not married in the ordinary sense of the word, and that it did not follow that, because a woman had gone through such a ceremony, it was binding upon her. In the end she consented to marry him, and the wedding took place at St. George's, Hanover Square, Mrs. Jalland being given away by Mr. Charles J. Noble, of Dover, an old friend of Mr. Wagstaff's. It was not until Mrs. Jalland signed the register that she

found that she was wrongly described as "Dorothy Josephine Jalland, widow." Mr. Wagstaff, who had obtained the marriage-certificate, gave no reason for this. The wedding breakfast took place at the Langham Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Wagstaff went down to Manor Park, where they lived a life of complete happiness for ten years. A girl was born to them in 1895, but she died the year after. Mrs. Wagstaff took her place in Bedfordshire county society, where she became very popular.

In 1903 Mr. Wagstaff died, and the value of his estate was sworn at nearly £180,000. He left practically everything to his widow. The lady of the manor soon became extremely popular at Potters and elsewhere on account of her benevolence and the great interest she manifested in the poor and aged.

But all the time she knew that her first husband was alive, and that trouble might arise at any moment. At last her secret became known to other people. It leaked out in the village, and finally reached the ears of people who had an interest in the Wagstaff estate.

An action was commenced by Mr. Berners Shelley Wagstaff, of Highbury Lodge, Highbury, eldest son of the testator's cousin, John Wagstaff, who claims the estate. On Nov. 5th the grant of probate of the will was revoked, and Mrs. Wagstaff found herself merely in possession of a sufferance allowance of £500 a year pending the trial of the action, which is entered in the Chancery Division. Anxiety over this impending suit and the exposure which it threatened is said to have driven Mrs. Wagstaff to her confession.

Get a pennyworth of spirits of harts-horn, and with it take all the polish off the boots. Let them dry, and then give them a good dressing of ink. Leave them some hours, and then polish in the usual manner with any good blacking.

Chop finely half a pound of cold meat and a quarter of a pound of suet. Wash a quarter of a pound of rice, pick it, and boil. Strain off the water, pool a small onion, boil till tender, and chop finely. Mix the meat, rice, suet, and onion well together, add some fresh breadcrumbs, season with pepper and salt, moisten with enough good gravy to form a thick paste. Spread out on a plate, and let set. Make up into balls, or round flat cakes, egg and breadcrumb, fry in hot fat to a golden colour. Drain and serve very hot.

Either outward or homeward bound travellers may find this cabin bag of use on shipboard where room is at a premium. The most useful size is thirty-two inches by seventeen inches, with an extra two-inch border all round. The bag can be made in any of the pretty art lineas, and supplied with three hangers along the top. The pockets hold all sorts of small trifles—boots, brushes, night-dress, and all toilet paraphernalia. They should either be run with an elastic along the tops or else made to button with a flap; as otherwise the motion of the vessel will scatter the contents broadcast.

Many women appear to be under the delusion that these are unsightly. As a fact, sculptors, artists, and anatomists are unanimous in crediting the ideal female form with pronounced width of hip. When really excessive width is present one may reasonably ask the question whether anything can be done to lessen it. The answer is: If the width be occasioned by superfluous fat the cure is to be found in the gymnasium; but that if the width results from shape of the bones nothing whatever can be done.

Wide Hips.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.



MRS. WAGSTAFF.

Positively Her Last Appearance.

Mme. Patti, the Greatest Ballad Singer the world has ever known, and whose voice has earned her £750,000, will give her farewell concert at the Albert Hall on Saturday.

"P.I.P." SPECIAL.

"I glance back over my career, it seems to me that all my life I have been singing ballads—those songs of the people which, because melody and words have been purely wedded in some deep, strong, enduring sentiment or passion of humanity, remain ever certain to find their way to the depths of the people's soul."

"My first fame came to me with the singing of 'Home, Sweet Home,' 'Coming Thru' the Rye,' 'The Last Rose of Summer,' and 'Within a Mile.' I have been faithful to them, as the English-speaking world has been faithful."

"ADELINA PATTI."

The wonderful voice with which Mme. Patti has delighted millions of people in all parts of the world will be heard for the last time in London on Saturday afternoon at the Albert Hall, the famous singer having finally decided to bid farewell to the concert stage.

It is just fifty-six years ago that Mme. Patti, then seven years of age, first sang in public in New York. Her next appearance was nine years later, when, after a course of study, she played the rôle of Lucia on Nov. 24th, 1859, and achieved a tremendous success.

Two years later she crossed the Atlantic to sing at Covent Garden, beginning a career at London's principal opera house which lasted for twenty years. During those twenty years her annual earnings are stated to have ranged between £30,000 and £35,000.

Tours in North and South America and Argentina have brought her even greater monetary rewards, and it is in no way overstating the facts when it is said that during the four and a half decades in which she has been singing to the world her voice has earned her £750,000.

For many single engagements in London she has received £800, while it is on record that in New York, when playing in opera, she once received a sum of £1,000 for each representation, paid in her dressing-room before she went on the stage.

Mme. Patti was once asked to relate her proudest experience. "For a great and unexpected honour," she said, "I have experienced nothing that has touched me deeper than a compliment paid by the Prince of Wales (now King Edward) at a dinner given in honour of the Duke of York and the Princess May by Mr. Alfred Rothschild. During the ceremonies the Prince of Wales rose and proposed the health of his 'old and valued friend Mme. Patti.' He made a pretty speech, in which he said that he had first seen and heard me in Philadelphia in 1860, when I sang in 'Martha,' and that since then his own attendance at what he called my 'victories in the realm of song' had been among his most pleasant recollections. He recalled the fact that his wife had held up little Prince George (now Prince of Wales) and bade him kiss me, so that in after life he might say he had kissed the famous Mme. Patti. And then the whole company of royalty, nobility, and men of genius rose and cheered me, and drank my health."

Besides the distinguished honour of having been kissed by the Heir Apparent, Mme. Patti can claim to be the only singer ever kissed by a reigning monarch. King Alfonso of Spain it was who thus honoured the Diva; but the affair happened so many years ago that his charming Queen will probably overlook it. The King was then about the age of Prince Olaf, and, on the occasion in question, Mme. Patti, following strict Court etiquette, had stooped to kiss the hand of the tiny monarch, when the Queen-Regent interposed. "No," said she, "my son shall not be so ungallant as to allow a lady to kiss his hand. Will you permit him to give you a kiss?" The singer, of course, consented, and so—with the aid of his nurse—did His Majesty. One of Mme. Patti's most treasured souvenirs is a famous autograph fan on which are inscribed the signatures of nearly all the European sovereigns, amongst whom was the late Queen Victoria, who wrote: "If King Lear was right in saying that a sweet voice is a precious gift in a woman, you, my dear Adelina, are of all women the richest." The German

Emperor wrote: "To the Nightingale of all time." The Tsar inscribed: "Nothing is so calming as your voice." Queen Christina wrote: "To a Spaniard, from a Queen who is proud to count her amongst her subjects." And in the middle of the fan are these words: "Queen of Song, I offer you my salutations—A. Thiers, President of the French Republic."

Once, after a concert in Ohio, Mme. Patti was present at a supper at which many singers and local notabilities, including Judge Matthews, were present. Supper over, Matthews pressed Madame to sing, but the Diva showed no inclination to oblige. "Sing, and I'll do anything you like," pleaded Matthews in despair. "Anything?" asked Patti. "Anything," repeated the usually grave lawyer with emphasis. So the young vocalist sang "Home, Sweet Home." "Now, Mr. Matthews," she began, when the song was over, "please stand on your head." "Gracious! You're joking, child," gasped the lawyer. "Not at all," replied the singer. "A bargain's a bargain." "So it is," answered the master of equity; "and here goes." And up in the air went his feet amidst the frantic applause of the assembled company.



Photo, Dover Street Studios.

MADAME PATTI.

EVERY woman who wears stays must have experienced the discomfort and inconvenience of broken busses and side-steels

but fortunately there is a remedy in that clever invention, the Oktis Corset Shield, which can be easily attached to any pair of stays, whether quite new or partly worn, and will not only protect the busses and steels from breakages, but will also add materially to the support of the corset. These valuable dress accessories are sold everywhere by high-class drapers and corsetiers, and as the cost is very reasonable, everyone who spoils good corsets by breaking the busses and bones should give them a trial, and they will find that the investment has proved to be a real economy. To obtain the greatest amount of satisfaction from their use a pair should be attached to new corsets before they have been worn at all, as by this means they will retain their shape, and the bones and steels at the sides will maintain a graceful curve instead of getting bent into a sharp angle at either side, a defect which it is very difficult to remedy, but which many people will produce in a perfectly new corset after only once wearing them. The advantages of wearing Oktis Corset Shields in such cases are obvious, and we commend them to the notice of all who have been victimised by broken busses and whalebones.

THE little turn-over embroidered collars which are now so much in vogue may be made at home, for very much less than their market price, out of little embroidered handkerchiefs. The borders, cut from opposite sides of the handkerchief, only require to be mounted on little cambric bands, to go inside the neck-band of the dress, and there they are, two pretty and dainty collars as you could buy. The third-collared is made by joining out the remaining edges of the embroidered handkerchief; but it need not look patched if a little care be taken. One piece is used to form the main part of the collar, the other is cut and makes the two corners, which must be joined to it on the slant, and at such an angle as enables you to get a collar of the desired length. Perhaps you will be inclined to think the third collar is an impossibility, but it really only calls for a little ingenuity in the matter of putting on the corners, as you will soon find when you take the work in hand.

Some clever girls make pretty square sailor collars from embroidered handkerchiefs. In that case all four corners of the handkerchief are left

intact, and from one side a piece like an inverted U is cut for the neck. If you are puzzled at this description, take a sailor collar and lay it out flat, and you will then easily see how to cut your handkerchief.

This is the title of an attractive little book issued by the Oatine Co., whose preparations for the toilet are well known, and highly favoured by ladies of all ranks.

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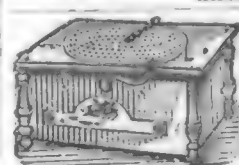
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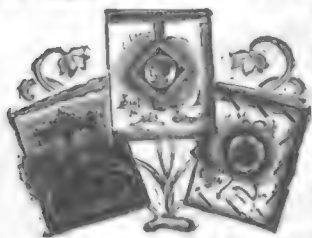
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THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

FOOTBALL.

Ireland failed to give the South Africans such a good game as did Scotland, and the tourists made some amends for their defeat by the Scots by winning at Belfast last Saturday, the margin in their favour being 15 points to 12. Doubtless the Irish would have done far better if their forwards had not heeled out the ball so much in the first half. Unlike the Scots, they trusted to their backs instead of wheeling the scrum-mage and going with the ball, and, though the back division certainly began well, they afterwards deteriorated as far as combination was concerned.

Let it not be supposed from these opening remarks that Ireland should have won. On the other hand, the South Africans ought to have increased their score during the early part of the second half, but they followed out the policy that they have so frequently adopted in the tour—that of playing merely to hold the lead after it has once been secured. This might easily have proved disastrous last Saturday, for the fiery Irishmen made a determined rally, and only magnificent defence on the part of Joubert stopped their resolute rushes.

This was Joubert's first appearance in his proper position at full back, and he fully justified all the eulogism of his admirers. Marsburg stood down, as did de Villiers, but Roos was among the forwards, and it was the excellent example of the visiting skipper that steadied the side during the determined onslaughts of the Irishmen in the second half.

The scoring prior to the interval suggested a pronounced thrashing for Ireland. Sensational play happened in the first two minutes. Joubert kicking a penalty goal for the visitors, and Sugars gaining a try for Ireland. But after this latter score the Africans had all the best of it, three tries being credited to them, Joubert twice getting over the

the play was so one-sided that it was almost impossible to get at the true form of the men. The Southerners were immeasurably superior, and won by 3 goals and 6 tries to a try. Of the nine tries scored by the South seven were gained by J. G. Birkett and F. G. Brooks between them. These two three-quarters are practically certain of their caps this season. Stoop also played finely at half-back, and he was well partnered by Wedge, a Cornishman, who displayed much promise. 'To-morrow's (Saturday) trial match at Coventry between England and "The Rest" will tell the R.U. selectors much more than the North v. South game.

An unexpected series of results in the League competition brought Woolwich Arsenal once more to the head of affairs, although it is only by the slenderest advantage in goal average that they are superior to Sheffield Wednesday. However, the fact that they won by 3 goals to 2 at Blackburn, whereas the Wednesday could only draw at "one all" at Stoke, is creditable to the "Reds." The other two of the leading four clubs—Everton and Newcastle United—both met with defeat. Everton succumbing by 1 goal to nil after a good fight at Sunderland, while the Novocastrians went under at Bristol, where the City won by 2 goals to 1. It was a rare day for the Southern clubs in the League, for, in addition to the victories of the Arsenal and Bristol City in the first division, Chelsea and Clapton Orient won their games in the second division.

Bolton Wanderers, at home, yielded a point to Manchester City, the score being 1 goal each, and precisely the same score was made in the Sheffield United-Middlesbrough match. The failure of the "Blades" to win on their own ground was a great disappointment to Sheffield people, as was also the defeat of Manchester United by their visitors from Bury, the latter's success by 4 goals to 2 being one of the surprises of the day. Liverpool had an easy



Photo, Bourde.

THE ONLY LADY "MASTER" OF HOUNDS: Mrs. Burrell, the "Master" of the North Northumberland Fox Hounds.

ton Wanderers, Stockport, and Notts Forest.

There was a full Southern League programme, but the points were halved in no fewer than five of the ten matches played. Brentford paid a visit to North Greenwich, but neither they nor Millwall were able to score a goal. Plymouth Argyle and Swindon each scored twice on the former's ground; a similar result was the outcome of the encounter between Reading and West Ham United at Elm Park; Watford and Southampton each scored once, and the game between Queen's Park Rangers and Bristol Rovers furnished a like result.

The most noteworthy feat of the day was the victory of the Crystal Palace over Leyton. To score 4 goals without a response was no mean performance, and the merit of the victory was further enhanced by the

events, and they won six against four by the "Blues." The performances were not startling, but for the time of year they were distinctly good.

There is no stopping L. F. Tremear, who must be getting quite old at the game, and is always adding to his stock of prizes. Against Oxford he won the 100 yards in 10 3/5 sec., and he was followed home by a fellow-clubman in H. S. Harmer. L. J. Cornish, L.A.C., accounted for the long jump with a leap of 22ft. 4in., but the 'Varsity had a turn in the hammer throw. A. M. Stevens (Balliol) hurling the missile 140ft. 5in.

The Londoners were successful in the half mile, R. Sheepshanks passing the judges first in 2min. 0 2/5 sec., and E. E. Leader placed the visitors another point to the good by winning the hurdles in 17 1/5 sec.



Photo, Baker & Muggersidge.

PRINCESS AS GOLFER: Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein at Sunningdale Golf Club.

line, and Krigo once, before half-time. As Stegmann had fallen slightly lame, W. Morkel was brought out of the pack when the second half began, and thus the 'Africans' forward play was handicapped. After a time Parke kicked a penalty goal for Ireland; then Basil Maclear gained a sensational try after a run of three-parts the length of the field, and Sugars followed with a further try, thus bringing the sides level at 12 points each. The wonderfully fine effort of the Irish did not meet with victory, as with Stegmann scoring close to the end, the South Africans won by a penalty goal and 4 tries to a penalty goal and 3 tries. 'To-morrow (Saturday) the Africans oppose Wales. I fancy the Welshmen, but it will be no walk-over for the conquerors of the New Zealanders.

Not much of value could be learned from the trial match between North and South at Blackheath, for

task in entertaining Aston Villa, the latter going under by 5 goals to 2, but there was no score in the match between Notts County and Preston North End on the former's ground. In the game at Birmingham the home club just scraped through by the odd goal in three.

I have already referred to the victories of Chelsea and Clapton Orient in the second division. Of the other clubs in the same brigade Hull City did well to beat Burton United by 3 goals to nil, and Gainsborough Trinity's victory over Burslem Port Vale was a performance of merit, the margin in favour of the Lincolnshire men being 2 goals to nil. West Bromwich Albion easily accounted for Chesterfield by 5 goals to 2, Bradford City were too good for Leicester Fosse by 3 goals to 1, Glossop conquered Lincoln City by 2 goals to 1, and other clubs who proved successful were Wolverhampton

fact that the Palace was playing on Leyton's ground. Portsmouth's victory over Luton was only gained by 1 goal to nil, but Norwich City did very well to beat New Brompton by the same margin on foreign soil. Brighton and Hove quite upset the calculations of Tottenham Hotspur, who scarcely expected to have two goals the worst of it, even though playing on their opponents' ground. In their match with Northampton, Fulham won by 4 goals to nil, and well maintained their leadership.

ATHLETICS & CYCLING.

There are no competitions more interesting than those between the Universities and the London Athletic Club. The latter body, as the leading club, deserve well of those interested in running, for anything they can do for the sport is always cheerfully and unstintingly done. Last Saturday they met Oxford University at Oxford in a series of ten

N. F. Hallowes (Keele) won the two miles for the dark blues, but the latter were unsuccessful in the weight and the high jump, H. A. Leake winning the first with a put of 39ft., and O. Groenings leaping 5ft. 9in. in the second. The 'Varsity were successful in the quarter and the mile, N. G. Chavasse securing the "440" in 50 2/5 sec., and S. P. L. Lloyd the longer race in 4 min. 42sec.

The Thames Hare and Hounds decided a four and three-quarter miles handicap from their quarters at Roehampton, and a close race resulted, only 3sec. separating the first two men. J. D. Foot (10min.) passed the judges first, his runner-up being B. Hillyard. J. L. Cloudesley, from the 30sec. mark, accomplished the fastest time by doing 28min. 42sec. Foot's start looks a big one, but, as events turned out, he wanted it, and he only won by a dozen yards.

THE EDITOR TO HIS FRIENDS.

- The Marvellous Life History of Dr. Gale, - The Famous Blind Inventor.

He has been blind since he was seventeen, yet he has patented many inventions, and once received a fee of £50,000 for medical attendance. He has ridden in a six-mile horse race and won it, and he can play skittles better than most people.

There have been many famous blind men, but probably the most wonderful of them all is the white-bearded, jolly-faced gentleman who may often be seen taking his morning stroll in the neighbourhood of Hampstead. Dr. James Gale, Ph.D., M.A., F.G.S., F.C.S., the man who discovered a process for rendering gunpowder non-explosive, and many other famous inventions, including the ammunition slide, by which contrivance he fired 146 shots in a minute from a breech-loading rifle in the presence of the late Duke of Cambridge; the fog shell, the balloon shell, and the rudder ball cartridge, while the electric alarm clock and electric safeguards against fire and burglars were also initiated by him, and he carried out the first installation of the electric light at Plymouth.

Many men complain that they might have done great deeds in the battle of life if only their luck had not been so very dead against them. Here is a hero who has achieved gigantic success in the face of the most appalling bad luck which could happen to any man. Dr. Gale has been stone blind since he was seventeen years old.

He is quite one of the jolliest men I have ever met. He goes through life with a joke and a smile perpetually ready to his lips. In a long conversation I had with him, and from an interesting account which he wrote himself recently for *M. A. P.*, I have been able to gather some extremely helpful and interesting facts about his wonderful career.

Time after time people have refused to believe that Dr. Gale is blind, so wonderfully does he succeed in doing things which are seemingly impossible for one deprived of sight. He says: "From the first I

resolutely determined to be as independent as possible. I forbade any of my family to help me when walking, dressing, or eating, and firmly refused kindly-meant offers of assistance from strangers. Of course, I made many mistakes at first, and endured many mishaps; but I persevered, until the things I could do became the talk of the county; and I am sure that, had it been a few centuries before, I should have been burned as a sorcerer."

Dr. Gale was born in Devonshire, and was, like his father before him, a great skittle player. "Some years after I had become totally blind a one-legged man and I made a great stir throughout the neighbourhood by defeating two opponents who had their full complement of limbs and normal powers of vision."

Dr. Gale can walk or ride home on horseback from distant places, and on one occasion won a horse race over a course six miles long. Once, returning in an omnibus from Plymouth to Tavistock on an exceptionally dark night, he discerned by the sound that the vehicle had taken the wrong route, and not only perceived the mistake, but set off to discover the right road, and remedied the error for his sighted but almost helpless fellow-passengers.

Dr. Gale follows the profession of a medical electrician, and has been paid the highest fee ever paid for one case—namely, £50,000. He says: "In 1866, whilst residing in London, I was asked by a physician to see a patient of his, a millionaire. He was suffering from gangrene of the big toe of the right foot, and aneurism of the right leg. I was very doubtful of the case. Sir William Ferguson and I had a consultation to-



DR. GALE.

gether, and I remember his saying: 'Gale, if that man were only thirty (he was nearly seventy), I should cut his leg off.' I said: 'That would mean death at his age.' 'Certainly,' said Sir William. 'I should not touch it, and if you take my advice you will have nothing to do with him; you will only spoil your good name.' 'You think he will die soon?' I asked. 'He certainly cannot live a fortnight,' was Sir William's reply. 'Then there is no harm in trying,' I said. I sent my man home for a new voltaic battery, one of my own construction. In two days there was an improvement in the wound. It discovered that elasticity under the touch of the finger which gives to me a sense of health, as compared with the sponginess attending disease of the tissues. I can't explain the difference in any other way; but it is as perceptible to me as if I saw it with my own eyes. In ten days I had stopped the sloughing and got the wound healed, and in fourteen days I had my patient out in the Park. Three weeks later his solicitor brought me a bond for £50,000."

One more story of Dr. Gale, in conclusion: "We all have our little weaknesses, and mine, I think, is the delight I take in people's refusal to believe I am blind. Many years ago I was in Plymouth, in company with two blind men. We went down a street on which, owing to some repairs, was a heap of stones, into which we blundered. But I was not to be deterred by a little thing like that, and helped my companions to clamber over. As I was doing so, I heard someone running, and presently an angry female voice shouted in my ear: 'You wicked man! What do you mean by leading two poor blind men into such a mess?'"

(Cont'ned on last column of next page.)

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THE GREAT PLOT. BY WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

CHAPTER XLI.—(Continued.) The Police are Inquisitive.

"Yes," Grace sighed. "But you must escape. You should not remain here. I had hoped that you would not return."

"And if I escape I leave Sylvia unprotected and at the vengeance of the Executive," he pointed out. "No, I'll never do that. I love her far too well."

Sylvia sprang towards him with a sudden impulse, kissing him passionately for the first time since his entry there. Her young heart was bursting with anxiety for the man she loved.

At that moment, however, a tap sounded on the door, and the parlour-maid announced that two gentlemen had called upon Miss Milbourne. The name of one was Mr. Warren.

"Warren—Warren?" repeated Sylvia. "I don't remember the name."

"Nor do I," chimed in Grace. "Why," cried Hubert, "it may be Warren of Scotland Yard."

And such it proved to be. Tall, well set up, and smiling, he advanced into the room, greeting Hutton warmly, and being followed by his companion, who, to the intense amazement of all, proved to be the ex-coachman, Clipson.

The latter, noticing the surprise his presence caused, turned to Sylvia, saying:

"I think, perhaps, I may as well now introduce myself in my real character, miss. My name is not Clipson, but Cooper—Inspector Cooper, of the Criminal Investigation Department."

"You, Clipson! A detective!" Sylvia cried in surprise.

"Yes, miss," he laughed. "I suppose I ought to take it as a compliment to my ingenuity that while I was in your mother's employ you never found me out. But the fact is I was compelled to enter the service of your family for a very particular reason."

Hubert began to see light through the veil of mystery, but remained silent.

"I've come down to-day with Inspector Warren in order to ask a question or two."

"But explain the reason you entered my mother's service," Sylvia urged. "At present it is all an enigma."

"Well, miss," he said, "there can be no harm now in telling you the truth. The fact is that I'm chief of the department at the Yard which has the watching of foreign Anarchists in London. When your uncle, Mr. Austen Leigh, who is well known to the Russian police, returned to England, I received due notice from St. Petersburg of his arrival. In the guise of a servant I contrived to get on good terms with him, and when he went to live at Ailesworth I induced him to recommend me to your mother as coach-

man. I obtained the place all right, but Leigh was such a close, astute old fellow that it took me all my time to get at the bottom of his game. He wrote quantities of manuscript, always in a cipher of which I never obtained a key, but, as far as I could make out, he was not a revolutionist of the dangerous type. If he were a Nihilist he never exhibited it to anyone around him. But there were a good many mysteries connected with him, and, even though he took a liking to me and I was often in his room, I was never able to satisfactorily account for his eccentricities."

"He was just a little mad," suggested Hubert, with a smile.

"Perhaps so," responded the detective. "But there was method in it, as you will presently see. He died rather suddenly, but I was, unfortunately, out driving Mr. and Mrs. Milbourne, with poor Miss Nella, to Stamford. On our return we found Leigh dead, Miss Sylvia and Miss Fairbairn having been present at the

written in French, and was from the Nihilist Executive suggesting the Great Plot against the Tsar on the occasion of his forthcoming visit to London. Certain details were given as to how it was to be carried out, and certain persons were indicated as those chosen to make the attempt. This letter opened Miss Nella's eyes to the truth regarding her dead uncle. He was a Nihilist in hiding, and that accounted for his eccentricity and his refusal to take outdoor exercise. Her first impulse was to show it to her mother, but, on mature consideration, she showed it another lady—and he paused, looking Grace Fairbairn full in the face.

"Yes," the latter admitted, pale and agitated. "I confess. She showed it to me in strict confidence, and I, bound by my oath to the organisation, was compelled to communicate with the Executive, explaining how the secret of the plot was out. In reply I received a letter from the Committee in London asking me to obtain possession of the letter and forward it to them. This I did, and, as far as I was concerned, the matter dropped."

"But its sequel?" remarked Inspector Warren.

"Ah! its sequel! I know too well!" cried the unhappy woman. "Or, at least, I guessed it long ago. On the day of her marriage Nella wore among her other jewels, presents from her husband and her father, one of those strange antique jewels which had been bequeathed to her by her uncle."

"I recollect quite well," remarked Hubert. "It was that fact which caused me apprehension while sitting at the wedding breakfast. When I



Prince Abdul.



Prince Vehid.

"Sultan's Eyelashes."

—Unique Photograph of the Sultan of Turkey's Two Youngest sons, Prince Ahmed and Prince Vehid, and of their Tutor, Prince Vehid, Abdul Ahmed's Nephew. When speaking of his youngest sons, the Sultan invariably refers to them lovingly as the "eyelashes of his eye." Both little boys, although so young in years, are accomplished linguists, speaking, in addition to their native language, English, French, and German. Their juvenile tutor, Prince Vehid, who is one of Abdul Hamid's many nephews, has been empowered by the Sultan to inflict corporal punishment on his offspring "whenever occasion may require."



Albert Spalding, the famous musician, is the son of an American millionaire.

the moment I was serving in the dining-room, and never dreamed of any tragedy. The murder was committed by one who had brought assassination to a fine art. He was no blunderer, and by certain features I quickly recognised that poor Miss Nella's death was the work of the Nihilists, who intended to silence her, fearing lest she might tell her husband of the startling discovery she had made regarding the Great Plot against the Tsar."

"I, too, suspected the truth," exclaimed Grace Fairbairn hoarsely. "I had no suspicion hitherto that my statement, which I was bound to render to the Executive, would bring death to her."

"But have you no suspicion of the identity of the assassin?" inquired Hubert anxiously.



Prince Ahmed.

"Well, yes," responded the detective. "At present my inquiries, which have been long and very difficult, seem on the point of completion. It appears that the caterers for the wedding breakfast, Messrs. Parsons, of Peterborough, engaged for the day a German waiter, who had on several occasions applied to them for odd work. This man waited with me in the dining-room throughout the luncheon, but, laden with plates, he followed Miss Nella out. His movements, either before or after the tragedy, were, however, in no way suspicious, yet the next morning, when his description was circulated he could not be found."

(To be continued.)

The Editor to His Friends.

(Continued from page 349.)

I have been asked to draw your attention to the Self-help Club, an institution organised by *Smith's Weekly* for the purpose of enabling its members to communicate with one another for their mutual benefit. The advantages of membership are that it supplies you with the names and addresses of other readers in the same line of business who are anxious to correspond with you; the result of such correspondence enables you to get into touch with congenial people who will assist you; it will enable you to obtain any information you may require from the staff of experts specially retained by the Editor of the paper.

No one ought to be thoroughly satisfied with his position. He should be anxious to get on in the world. To do this, the best possible way is to broaden his knowledge by contact with others in the same line of business. This, as you are now situated, is no doubt a difficult matter, as you probably have very few friends who take an intelligent interest in your work. By sending your name, address, and trade or business to the Editor of *Smith's Weekly* you may obtain in return the names and addresses of other readers in sympathy with you. If possible, these names and addresses will be those of readers in your district. If at present no such names and addresses are available, those of people living in other parts of the country will be sent you. You can then start corresponding and deriving benefit from each other's knowledge. There is no charge whatever made for entering the Self-help Club. Address all your communications to P. K., care of *Smith's Weekly*, 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

VALENTIA STEER.

The Children's Christmas.

An Opportunity to do Good.

In order to make Christmas a really happy time for little slum dwellers, the Poor Children's Yule Tide Association has hit upon a delightful scheme. Put very briefly, the object is to provide Christmas trees, Christmas presents, and Christmas gaiety for those very poor little children of the mean streets who, failing this, will taste nothing of the pleasures and the bounty, the goodwill and the happiness, which we should like all children to associate with the birthday of the Founder of Christianity.

A number of generous people have shown their practical approval of the Association's scheme by promising valuable prizes for competition. The proprietors of the *Graphic*, *Daily Graphic*, and *Bystander*, Messrs. Liberty and Co., Messrs. Hanley Bros., the proprietors of the *Gentlewoman*, Messrs. Spiers and Pond, Messrs. Kodak, Messrs. Elkington and Co. have all offered a dozen prizes, ranging in value from £7 to 10s., for the best and biggest collection of rag books, for the most artistically arranged scrap books, for the best collection of "Knockabout Toys," and such-like matters of childish import.

And on December 18th a grand Christmas Tree Party will be held at the Portman Rooms, when all gifts sent in, all competition toys, books, etc., will be exhibited upon a perfect forest of Christmas trees before being dispatched to the poor children who are to be made happy by them.

Gifts of dolls, toys, garments, games, sweets, or anything of that sort will be most gratefully acknowledged by the secretary, Mr. P. S. Bruff, of Byron House, Fleet Street, London, E.C., who will be very pleased to send full particulars of the scheme to any reader who will apply to him. Parents are earnestly asked to tell their children of the scheme, to interest them in it, to arrange that they shall enter the competitions, and help them to do so. Men and women with kindly hearts and goodwill towards poor little children are earnestly asked not to put this matter from their minds until they have sent in a subscription, large or small, to help on this really admirable scheme. Contributions will be acknowledged in the columns of the *London Daily Express*, and should be addressed to—

Poor Children's Yule Tide Association,
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Fleet Street, London, E.C.



Goats' Milk and Fever: It has been found that the milk of both goats and cows frequently contains the fever germ in large numbers. The authorities recommend the workpeople to abstain altogether from fresh milk, and use only the tinned variety. A little while ago the military authorities forbade the introduction of fresh milk into barracks or quarters. This action has been followed by a remarkable diminution in the number of fever cases among the troops.

end. Well, as you know, months passed, and then came Miss Nella's wedding and the tragedy immediately following it."

"Tell us," cried Sylvia quickly, "what have you discovered regarding it? Do you know who killed her?"

"I will tell you all I know," answered Cooper, alias Clipson. "I have been many months secretly engaged in the inquiries, and only recently did I discover any facts to lead me to the truth. The story is a very strange one indeed, but before I relate it I wish to ask you, Miss Fairbairn, whether you recollect one day about a month after Leigh's decease, walking across the lawn with Miss Nella. At the edge of the lawn she made a discovery. Do you recollect what it was?"

"Why, yes," she replied, recalling the incident. "I remember, now, that we were talking together one afternoon when, under a laurel bush, she found a piece of paper blown by the wind. It was a letter, and, almost without glancing at it, she placed it in her pocket, and laughingly said she would read it when she went indoors, and that it looked like a love-letter of somebody's. We went out together to pay a call in Castor, and I forgot all about the letter until this moment."

"Well," the detective exclaimed, "that letter proved of the greatest consequence. She examined it in private, and found that it had somehow been separated from her uncle's papers—probably when some drawer was turned out. It had, no doubt, been thrown upon the dust-heap, and had been carried into the garden by the wind. The communication was

saw it upon her, worn openly, I could not believe my eyes. I was in entire ignorance then of Austen Leigh's connection with the family, or of his death. My eyes fell upon that jewel, and were fascinated. I had a strange premonition that evil must befall the woman who was so perfectly happy at the moment of her triumph. That is why I excused myself and went to take a turn outside the house. The mystery of that jewel, combined with the fact I learnt that Leigh was uncle of the young lady, absolutely bewildered me."

"And while you were in the garden the tragedy occurred," the detective Cooper remarked. "At

Bronchitis



Are you troubled with a nasty, irritating, and painful cough every time the cold weather comes round? A tickling in the throat, tightness in the region of the breast-bone, loss of voice on rising in the morning, heavy and laboured breathing, sometimes giving rise to a sense of suffocation? Do you instinctively fear the cold, damp, foggy days? Are you very susceptible to chill? Are you obliged to cough incessantly in church or in public meetings; and do you often feel a desire to "clear your throat"?

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